

# Children's Column



Freckled Joe.

Not a beauty he, ah no!—Freckled Joe;  
None could truly call him fair  
With tanned skin and sandy hair;  
With that saucy, up-turned nose,  
And those inward-pointing toes;  
Wonder why fate made him so, Freckled Joe?

As a jolly boy all know Freckled Joe;  
For he has such merry ways,  
Making fun where'er he stays—  
Seeing o'er the funny side  
Of whatever may befall;  
Well for him that fate made so Freckled Joe.

Not alone for play is, though, Freckled Joe;  
Meeting strangers at the door,  
Running errands to the store,  
Doing everything he can—  
He is such a willing man;  
Well for us that fate made so Freckled Joe.

Seems to me he doesn't grow, Freckled Joe;  
He's not quite as big as he  
Many boys less old than he,  
And it gives me some surprise  
How a boy of his small size,  
Can fill all the hearts that know Freckled Joe!

Maggie A. Richard.

## A Terrier in the Menagerie.

A small fox-terrier caused a great commotion among the wild beasts of the Central park menagerie a short time ago, says the New York Evening Post. He began by annoying the lion, which, aroused by the dog's barking, arose, looked at the small creature, then walked off. But the terrier continued his challenge, and the lion at last became so enraged that he uttered a roar, which set the whole house agog. Then the dog trotted over to the hippopotamus, slipped up close to one of the bars, and yelped in the monster's ear. The hippopotamus got up, others of his family joined him, and the terrier led them up and down till they were enraged and he was tired. He went off to the rabbits, which he soon had in terror. Wearying of this he baited the bears, which climbed and grunted and growled, trying first to reach the tormentor, then to draw him to them. His equal was a man with a gun. Keeper Snyder had heard the noise left in the trail of the terrier, and he followed to the bear den, where the dog was looking about for more fun. There was a snarl, and the small dog dropped silent on the rocks.

## How a Fly Buried a Spider.

Samuel Simon, Sr., a well known resident of Neshannock Township, while strolling near his home one day recently, noticed a fly about half an inch long and of a dark blue color, with a slim body, bearing a large dead spider, says the Newcastle (Pa.) Democrat. The fly crossed his path and laid his load down. He then went about eighteen inches in another direction and began digging a hole in the ground. His curiosity being excited, Mr. Simon stopped and watched the work. After the fly had the hole dug about half the length of himself, he went to where he had left the spider and took its dimensions. After going back to the hole he found it was not big enough and began digging again. After taking out a quantity of earth he again went to the spider and again took his dimensions. He did this eight times and as often enlarged the hole. When the busy little fellow had the hole too deep for him to throw the dirt clear out he would get on the bank and force it back with his feet. After he had the excavation large enough for his purpose he went for the spider and brought it to the grave, for such it proved to be, and dragged it to the mouth of the hole. After he had the body in he covered it with fine earth first, and finished by placing a small piece of cluder on top. When he had finished the work he flew away. The whole time consumed was exactly fifty-five minutes, as Mr. Simon says he watched the whole performance.

## A Fish Story This.

The orca or "killer" whale is the most ferocious animal that lives in the sea. Its powers of destruction are vastly superior to those of the blue, man-eating shark, as it is gifted with a much greater intelligence. It has an insatiable appetite, and also shows a disposition to kill from pure wantonness. It has not been known to attack man, but though only eighteen feet long, will assail the largest whale. Like the land wolf, the orca travels in packs. It is afraid of nothing. It is classed by naturalists as a porpoise, but is a true whale. The back fins are six feet high, and look like daggers. Seals are its favorite prey. A pack will follow a herd of swimming seals for weeks. They will attack full-grown walrus, and rob them of their young. They are strong and swift,

and rarely captured. The Makab Indians of Washington state are fond of their flesh and fat. An orca has twenty-four huge, conical teeth. In Atlantic waters they are often useful to fishermen in driving schools of fish ashore. Swimming seals attacked by "killer" whales are so distracted they sometimes approach a vessel as if for protection. During the season when fur seals breed on the Pribilof Islands in Bering sea, the ocean is filled with hungry orcas, waiting for the pups to take their first swimming lessons. They even rush upon them among the rocks, and frequently become stranded themselves. Sometimes an orca is captured with twenty young seals in its stomach. Dr. Stejneger and Mr. Lucas, the two scientists of the National museum, who have gone to the Bering sea to brand some seals experimentally, are to study the habits of the orca, their most deadly enemy.—Buffalo Commercial.

## Fun With Make-Believe Bonbons.

Boys and girls of Italy and France—and the older people as well—have one sport of which American young folk know nothing at all. And it is a sport that would appeal to any boy or girl of any land.

At carnival time and midlent every one is supplied with bonbons or small colored imitations of bonbons and colored paper disks known as confetti, with which the boys and girls take pleasure in pelting one another right vigorously. It doesn't hurt to be hit by confetti, and they are thrown in vast quantities. Sometimes a party will gather on a balcony with a whole bag of the paper trifles, and as the people pass in the street below they are treated to a real shower of confetti.

Another form of the sport consists in throwing serpentine, or large rolls of ribbon paper. The thrower holds fast to one end of the ribbon and gives the ball a sharp throw over the crowd. In half a minute a score of people are tangled up in the confusing meshes. This is even more exciting sport than the throwing of confetti, because it strikes a good many persons at once. In order to assist in throwing confetti and serpentine a clever Frenchman has invented a number of blowguns. One of them is made in the shape of a cane. It can be loaded full of the paper disks and the person who is walking with it can lift it and shoot a whole shower of the confetti over any person who may be passing. The gun for firing serpentine is called a spirabolus and it will shoot a ball of the ribbon paper a score of rods or more. At carnival time the streets of Paris are sometimes covered with drifts of confetti several inches deep, and the trees and buildings are swathed in the many-colored meshes of the serpentine.

## Horse at Medical School.

"One reads so many stories about animal intelligence that it would be hazardous for a doubter to express his disbelief in almost any gathering of men at the present day," remarked Dr. W. H. Watkins the other day, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "A little instance came within my own observation a number of years ago when I was studying medicine, and which convinced me that the members of the horse family, at least, ought to be credited with the possession of a very considerable quantity of reasoning power. It was the custom for students at the medical institution at which I pursued my studies to wear a small badge upon their coats to distinguish them from others at the college. A horse belonging to the establishment was used a great deal about the medical department, and the animal seemed to have a special preference for the embryo doctors more than for any other people about the establishment. One day, while a number of us were gathered in a little knot upon a small campus in the rear of the college, the animal in question, which used to nip the grass in the location, came toward the group, limping very badly. He came to a stop a dozen or more feet from the crowd, and, carefully surveying the lot of us, finally made up his mind as to what he wanted to do, and without any hesitation limped directly to my side, whinnied, stuck his nose against my body and held up his left fore leg. Looking down I discovered a large nail embedded in the frog of his hoof. This had evidently caused the lameness. I then realized the interesting fact that the animal desired attendance. I extracted the nail with some difficulty, and the horse whinnied with relief and walked away. Rather curious as to why the beast had picked me out to attend to his wound, I glanced at the boys and found the solution of the problem. Not one of the group had his medical badge upon his coat but myself. The horse had recognized the insignia, and had acted accordingly."

In Uganda, Africa, where ten years ago there were not twenty-five Bibles, the natives now possess and read 60,000 copies.

## A NEWSBOY PRESIDENT.

HEAD OF UNIVERSITY WHO ONCE SOLD PAPERS ON THE STREETS.

The Rapid Rise in the World Made by John Hall Raymond, the New President of the University of West Virginia—A Romantic Career.

From a newsboy selling papers on the corners of Chicago's crowded downtown streets to the presidency of a state university, all within twenty years, is a rapid rise in the world. Yet such is the progress of John Hall Raymond, who last year was called from a professorship of sociology in the University of Wisconsin to the head of the University of West Virginia. Moreover, he is the youngest president of a university in the United States.

The way in which Mr. Raymond wrung success from adverse circumstances is an interesting story of perseverance. He was only two years old when his parents moved to Chicago. His education was meagre, being acquired at uncertain intervals in the Englewood public schools. In his early teens he sold newspapers on a downtown corner. The average boy of progressive tendencies would look with satisfaction toward a commercial career, but Raymond had little thought of such a life. At fifteen he was editor of Philately, a paper devoted to the interests of the postage stamp collector. This journal circulated throughout the United States, and even found its way to foreign countries.

Meanwhile Raymond put in his spare time learning stenography. He drifted to Pullman, and when only nineteen had risen from office boy to a position which brought him \$1000 a year. There is reason to believe that, if he had chosen to continue in the line of work laid out for him at Pullman, a few years would have brought him to a position assuring large means and great responsibility. But against the advice of his friends he threw up his prospects and went to Evanston, where in two summers and one winter he completed all the work usually included in a four years preparatory course, and passed with ease the entrance examinations to the College of Liberal Arts. All this time he was earning his living by stenography. In addition to paying his own expenses and carrying on his studies he supported his mother. He entered college in 1889, remaining until the winter of 1890.

While Raymond was in his sophomore year he made the acquaintance of Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who has charge of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. The bishop was writing a book on life in India, and was so taken with the young man that he engaged him for two years as traveling secretary. They went to India by way of the Suez Canal, touching at different points in Europe, and at every stopping place Raymond made the most of his opportunities for study. Here he was enjoying opportunities for travel seldom granted to men of his age who are not in easy circumstances, working at an appointed task with sufficient energy to satisfy the call of duty to any less clamorous conscience, and yet he was carrying on all the work of his college classes by private study and branching out to regain unrequired but desired knowledge.

In India Mr. Raymond devoted himself to Sanscrit. He returned to Chicago by way of China and Japan in the winter of 1892, and took the examinations with his college classes. One term of his senior year remained, but his work was so far in advance that he was excused from attendance at classes. The spring term he passed as traveling secretary for George M. Pullman, returned to Evanston in time to receive his diploma and to participate in the Kirk oratorical contest. It is curious that in this contest he was defeated by the young woman who afterward became his wife, Miss Nettie Hunt of Aurora, Ill. Miss Hunt was one of the brightest of the young women whose names form a list of alumnae highly creditable to Northwestern University. Her engagement to Raymond began during their college course, and they were married in 1895, before he accepted his call to the University of Wisconsin.

After graduation Mr. Raymond's rise was rapid. The first year he served as secretary of the Society for University Extension in Chicago, and the following year became professor of political economy at Lawrence university, Appleton, Wis. A course of lectures delivered by him at Chautauqua the following summer attracted the attention of President Harper of the University of Chicago, and the next wintersaw Raymond as secretary and lecturer in the class study work of the university extension department of the Chicago institution. His ability as an organizer was here brought into play. In one year he raised the number of classes from ten to fifty, and in three months increased the membership from 200 to 1000. He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Chicago in 1895. Before that he had been called by President Charles Kendall Adams to the professorship of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, a position

which he has since filled with rare acceptability.

His next step as the president of the University of West Virginia will demonstrate what can be accomplished by a young man of push and ambition opposed by the stubborn fact of poverty.—Chicago Tribune.

## FOUND A LOST BROTHER.

The Discovery Made Largely Through the Efforts of President McKinley.

Through her friends, President McKinley and Rev. Dr. Mansfield, his former pastor at Canton, Ohio, Miss Jennie Smith of Baltimore has been reunited at Chicago to her brother, Dickinson B. Smith, who has been missing for twenty-six years.

Thirty-seven years ago Jennie Smith lived in a little Ohio town with her parents. She was attacked by a severe spinal trouble which made her a cripple, as a result of which her younger brother, Dickinson, soon became her inseparable companion.

In 1871 young Smith caught the gold fever and went West. Letters between sister and brother missed their destination, and in a short time they were completely lost to each other. Young Smith had gone to Sedgwick, Col., and there found what might have been a considerable fortune.

His claim was jumped, however, and all his property stolen while he was absent, and he was obliged to leave Sedgwick to save his life. Meantime his sister and family had formed an intimate acquaintance with the family of William McKinley at Canton. Some time afterward Miss Smith heard that her brother had died, and she grieved deeply over his loss. He, too, was informed in some way that his sister was dead.

In 1879 Miss Smith attended a meeting of faith curists at Philadelphia. During its progress, although she had not moved for twenty years, she suddenly leaped from her couch and began to run up and down the platform, completely restored to health. Then she began to preach, was appointed railroad evangelist by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and ever since has traveled over America in that capacity. She now lives in Baltimore with her sister, Mrs. Annie Howell.

At the last meeting held at Dr. Mansfield's church before the departure of President McKinley for Washington, Miss Smith, as a special friend of the new chief magistrate, was present. Dr. Mansfield prevailed upon her to tell her strange story. The president was deeply touched, and all present were so moved that he and Dr. Mansfield determined to have the story of her experience published in a number of papers.

Three weeks later Dr. Mansfield and President McKinley received letters from Dickinson B. Smith, residing near San Francisco. In them he declared that he believed he had found his long-lost sister. Correspondence was opened, and finally Miss Smith said she was convinced that her brother had been found. She went to Chicago and there her brother met her.—Washington Star.

## Indian Arrow Heads Getting Scarce.

"Indian arrow heads, which were once so plentiful, being found in many places in large quantities, are becoming very scarce and valuable," volunteered a scientist to a Star reporter. "There was a time when they had but little or no value, but the enormous quantities of them exhibited in the numerous museums in this country and the world, has almost consumed the stock to be found. It is a lost art among the Indians, and I doubt if there is an Indian now alive who can make an arrow head. They were made of the various flints, mostly of white flints, though in some sections the Indians were forced to use a yellow or pink-stained flint. Arrow heads of the latter colored flint now sell at wholesale from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen, the ordinary white flint arrow heads now commanding \$1 to \$1.50 per dozen when the specimens are carefully made. In the corn fields of Fairfax county, Va., quite a number have been found during the corn planting this season, but they are bought up as readily as they can be had."—Washington Star.

## Lead and Apples Bring Prosperity.

Along with the signs of prosperity from other sections comes the report from Carthage, Mo., that lead deposits of sufficient richness have been found there to give employment to quite a number of men. Then, too, according to estimates made at Carthage, early apples alone will bring in \$10,000 to the farmers of that section.

## Sub Rosa.

Robinson—Do you like roast beef rare or well done?  
Jenkins—I like it rare. But that's in strict confidence.

Robinson—Why in strict confidence?  
Jenkins—Well, if you knew our cook you would see the necessity for concealing my real sentiments on that subject.

## That Was All.

"I never stirred from my room on Sunday until 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

"What on earth were you doing?"  
"Oh! I was just glancing over the Sunday papers."

## THAT'S ALL.

Lilies and roses!  
Lilies and roses!  
Man in his youth—  
In the sunlight of truth,  
When heaven uncloses—  
With his eyes on the skies  
Dreamily lies  
One his lilies and roses.

Nettles and thorns!  
Nettles and thorns!  
Man in his manhood  
Sorrows and mourns—  
Girt with regrets  
He rages and scorns—  
Tosses and frets  
On his nettles and thorns.

In the dark earth at last—  
The book of the past  
Fate silently closes—  
No longer he mourns—  
No longer he frets—  
Nothing he scorns—  
Nothing regrets—  
But dreamless reposes  
Under nettles and thorns—  
Under lilies and roses.  
—Henry L. Flash, in Picayune.

## HUMOROUS.

It is the fat person who is the real burden to himself.

Some people can forgive anything in a friend except success.

We couldn't believe all that we tell ourselves, if we made affidavit to it.

Thus far, the airship's voyage has been little more than a flight of fancy.

Ethel—Were you ever done in oil, Mr. Lambkin? Mr. Lambkin—Er—no; but I've been done in wheat several times.

"Is't hot enough for you?" he used to ask; now, when you meet, he says: "It isn't hot, old man—humidity, not heat."

"Louise, two-thirds of every healthy infant's life should be spent in sleep." "Well, don't tell me about it; go talk to baby."

"Was that mind reader able to read your thoughts?" "No, I fooled him by thinking in French, and my French is perfectly awful."

A—Have you heard the eight-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation? B—Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago.

"I don't see how getting one's feet wet causes toothache." "You don't? If you had ever had a tooth pulled you would know the roots run clear to your toes."

Mrs. Stalefirm (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practice, doctor? Rev. Dr. Jovial—Ah, madam, I do not practice; I only preach.

"Poor motherless girl!" he exclaimed, and turned sadly away. What he wanted was a motherless girl who should be in moderate circumstances, at least.

Sapsmith—I saved Miss Dolly Swift's life last night! Sissington—Bah Jaww! Sapsmith—Yahs! When I proposed to her she said she'd rather die than marry me, and so I excused her.

"I'm afraid," said the Arctic explorer, "we won't find the North Pole this trip." "Guess not," replied his shivering companion; "we'll have to state that the discovery has been postponed on account of the weather."

Bereaved Widow—I want something short and simple for my husband's tombstone. Dealer—How do you like "Resurgam"? Bereaved Widow—What does that mean? Dealer—I shall rise again. Bereaved Widow—No; make it "Rest in Peace."

"There's one thing about Josiah," said the young man's fond mother. "He does like work." "He doesn't seem to get much out of it," replied Farmer Cornfussel. "That's jest it. He lingers over it and lingers over it like he was scared to death of losin' it."

"What an unspeakable costume!" exclaimed the emperor, irritably. "You ought to be fired." The mandarin with a yellow jacket trembled visibly. "I am not aware," he faltered, "of being dressed to kill." In that country the jokes are not unlike the political system.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen of eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen. Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens. Little Girl—No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's goin' to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.

## A Famous Dog-of-War.

Lasting peace between Turkey and Greece seems indeed to be assured, for the Sultan has ordered Kenan, his aide-de-camp, to return Zano, the captive dog-of-war which was captured at Larissa in the abandoned headquarters of Prince Nicolaus of Greece. Zano is a large Dane of correct slate-colored hue, and became a great favorite in the Turkish army, where he went about with a body-guard of two privates and a sergeant, and was supplied with the warm, shaggy coat of an Evzone. After the war he was sent to Constantinople, where he was taken into the Yildiz Kiosk as a prisoner of state.

Bread as a daily article of food is used only by about one-third of the 1,500,000,000 people that constitute the present population of the earth.